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# Thoughts That Come in the Night.

*By*

R. ED. NEVAL.

*A Collection of*

Dreams, Satire and Witticisms.

*By*

A HOOSIER BACHELOR.

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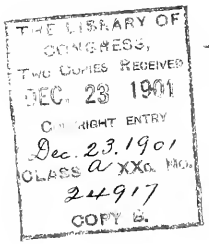


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## DREAMS.

Before the firelight's gleam and play,
Or in the stillness of the night.
What rids my soul of mortal clay,
Where goes it when it wings its flight?

In psychic mystic ways it brings,
A treasured message back to me.
Asleep, I hear the song it sings.
In dreams, it's flowered land I see.

## THE SONG OF THE GRATE.

The winter's wind with biting chill,
Steals in beneath my window sill.
It howls and whistles in mournful sound,
Like Danta's demons dancing round.
With clatter and swing, their unearthly feet
Keep marking time to the rain and sleet.
The old andirons, though heaped with wood
Tremble and quiver, as though they would
With curling flame and smoke, join in
Wierd dances to the rhythmic din.

But what care I? My fire burns bright,
Its sparks add cheer this frosty night.
In bachelor gown I sit and dream,
The flames with friends in fancy team,
And sweet-hearts too. The fiery grate
But mocks me now. Relentless Fate;
I craved from thee a token small
A heart and to be loved.—'Twas all.

Oh cruel fate, thou hast me left
Of all that makes a home bereft.
Such discontent, can this be sin;
Deprived of that which had it been,
I would a wife and children fair,
Making merry round my chair.
Oh where this fleeting promised rest

To those who mourn? Why came this test?
Dear mother I shall not forget,
My life shall be made noble yet,
Though Hell be gainst me, God still sees
And aids. Good night sad memories.

# FISHIN.

I tell you fishin 's lots a fun, in the creeks in Indiani.
You need a string an willer stick, a bakinpowder can I
Us'ter carry in my jeans t' hold the bait. The hook
Wuz only a rusty bent up pin, Them's all the things it took.
Sometimes we have a bob 'n lead if the water's very deep.
Cause the cat lays on the bottom, in the mud might-nigh asleep.
He kin see a worm go wigglin though, The cat-fish aint no fool,
He soon wakes up an nibbles him, then its nearly time to pull.
Then your bob 'l git to goin up an down like very thunder,
An if you wait jest long enough the cat 'l take it under.
You stand up then an all at once, you give yer pole a yank,
An out he comes a wigglin so, ez he lands up on the bank.
Gee whiz he flops an tries, to swim an git away;
I guess not ole Mr. Fish,—Caint swim no more today.
Sometimes it aint the fishes though what jerks your bob down so,
There's great big snappin-turtles down in the bottom too.
An if he takes a notion, why he goes right down the creek,
An cleans off every single hook. He's got a lot a cheek.
Turtles jest as well as fish kin pull your line out tight,
They fool a feller mighty fine, you think you had a bite.
It aint much fun a fishin when the wimin folks go long,

You all 'us heve to bait the hooks, an if a fish gits on
You heve to stop a fishin then, an help to git him off.
Caint tell whut girls is good fer, they'r made of funny stuff.
Why if you jerk a fish out, they jump an holler so
An gather up ther petticoats, it really is a show
To see em, an ther screamin scares the other fish away,
You could'nt cetch another fish if you stayed there all the day.
But when you'r pickin berries then they'r purty good,
They could pick a bucket jest as full an quick as we boys could.
I member once a summer time, blackberries wuz awful thick,
You did n't heve to go so fer to find a place to pick.
But by-an-by the girls got tired an thought they,d rest a spell,
The thing that happened to em then I had 't ought to tell;
We boys wuz huntin jay-birds with rocks and nigger-killers,
The girls wuz huntin somethin soon, they got plum full a chiggers.
The chiggers got way down ther neck, an then got up ther stockin,
The funnyes things that them girls did, wuz really kind a shockin.
They scratched an scratched like blazes, but could 'nt git em out.
They made more fuss a tryin though than grandpaw with the gout.
Shaw they don't amount to much; Chigger bites an things
Like that don't bother boys. Ceptin bumble-bees'es stings.

## PLEASANTRIES.

When babes first came the theme began,
A mother dear was trying
To still a child, whose face awry
Disturbed her lord by crying.
She got its countenance in place,
By murmuring sweet with tender grace,
Now baby dear,—Look pleasant!

A picture for the mantle shelf;
Cares wrinkles can't be present,
It's how you look when not yourself,
Of course it must be pleasant.
Designing artist bulb in hand,
"Just raise the head." The same command
He then repeats,—Look pleasant!

With heart bowed low, there's mocking smiles,
Though loss or fate may grieve us.
Base hypocrites, with practiced wiles
Seem happy to deceive us.
The world unfeeling would but ask
Us hide our grief. Don falsehood's mask
And through our tears,—Look pleasant!

When all is o'er, in casket craped,
What sweet repose to lie thus,

*Thoughts That Come in the Night.*

Ere death could set, deft fingers shaped
Our features to belie us.
Everywhere, in every phase
Of life's vicissitudes,—This craze
Is sung the most,—Look pleasant!

In Hell some demon with a prong
Will have it there repeated.
No rest,—No time for idle song,
Or think how bad you'r cheated.
Existence here is not a grind,
The torment?—Oh you needn't mind
I'll fix the fire,—Look pleasant!

## LOVE—In Two Moods.

A tingling rhapsody thrills the breast,
When love comes first to woo.
Affinities meet by this soul test,
For love was made in two.

Warm and tender in love's retreat,
*Tender and true in love's retreat,*
We share this priceless treasure.
*Guard well this priceless treasure.*
In close embrace, wierd music sweet
*Extended, love like music sweet,*
Is wine for passion's pleasure.
*May cease to be a pleasure.*

Stifle not love, it's impulse spurning!
It may not come again.
The pain of hell, is the soul's sad yearning
For that which might have been.

# THOUGHTS THAT COME IN THE NIGHT.

The garden I love, in the morn ere the sun
  Has kissed off the dew from the lips of the flowers ;
Ere the wind shakes the rose tree, then steals the perfume,
  Of the petals that fall in bright colored showers.

---

It's only boys'ed do sech things,
Tien June-bug's legs to strings,
En jerk em, jest to hear em buz.
The girls 'ed squeal. It all'us wuz
A lots a fun, but kinder tough
On June-bugs. Fer ther legs comes off.

---

There's none can know how partings steep
  the heart in bitterness.
But he whom fate has caused to weep ;
  Apart in sadness live
    Alone forever.

---

The slowest little railroad train
That ever I did see.
Wuz out of Glasgow Junction
Down in old Kain-tuck-y.
We stopped to change the fender,
An put it on the back.
When all the farmer's sheep got by
We stopped to put it back.

## MY TALISMAN.

Of all my treasures, could I boast
Of them as such 'tis prized the most.
A copper cent piece, given for luck
By a pretty maid of Old Kaintuck.
The direst woes to him befall,
Who dares to part with it at all.

She won my heart. My letter ran,
Dear ; Won't you be my talisman ?
"Why how could I, a woman, be
A talisman ?—I hardly see."
Oh ! said charming little Sally,
You want me just to keep your tally.

## SWIMMIN'.

Ole Pigeon Creek is the dandies place
To fish in er to swim.
If we could go, our maw'ed say
Now boys don't tumble in.
I member once when Johnnie Green,
He did. Way over head.
We fished him out with poles an' things,
I thought fer sure he's ded.
A woman who lived by the creek
Come out, we hollered so.
She said don't mind, he'll be all right,
I know jest whut to do.
She rolled him on a log, to git
The water out uf him,
And make a hole inside some place
To git the air back in;
She held a spoon on top he's tongue,
An made a mustard plaster,
An stuck it to he's heart and lung
To make him warm up faster,
An then she made some senie tea
To warm him up inside,
Its mighty good we boys is tough,
Er Jonnie would a died.
But by and by, fer shure enough
He gaged an then come to,

He looked around so funny-like
An he didn't know whut to do,
An then he said, say fellers
I'll bet I git a lickin
My jeans is soakin soppin wet,
An my waist feels like it's stickin
To my back and front so tight,
It surely must be shrinkin.
Maw'll know I wuz a swimmin now,
I'll cetch it I'm a thinkin.
But we made a fire, an he got dried,
An he's maw never knew
How near her little Jonnie died,
When he fell in the slew.

## TO WILLIAM McKINLEY.

Draw back thy folds, Old Glory !
We would one last farewell ;
We would but see the honored face
Of him we loved so well.

Our hearts are sad and mournful,
The dirge; Its solemn sound
Brings tears,—They're signs of manhood !
'Twas wrought on battle-ground.

We boys in blue will miss him,
Our comrad's passed away.
It is the same sad story,
In hearts 'neath jackets gray.

As president we loved him,
He arose from out our ranks.
We knew him best as comrade,
When he rode before "The Yanks."

We mourn for him as comrade,
Not the Nation's honored choice.
"His ear to earth !"—Not policy,
'Twas first, "My people's voice !"

He fought with us as soldier,
Through battle's din and pall,
And like a soldier, met his death
Pierced by a leaden ball.

Beneath thy folds Old Glory,
We hide thy martyred son.
His life shall teach us Lord to say,
"Thy will, not ours be done."

## ARBITRATION.

Unsullied flag of character
Besmirched by slander's tongue.
Who would not leap to her defence?
'Tis well to fight a wrong.

But better is the lie to prove
By a silent Christian life.
For doubtless he who gave the lie
Is father of the strife.

Resentment at the point of sword,
But kindles passion's flame.
To arbitrate is godlike,
And deserves a better name.

Passion leaps like unfed lamps,
And flickers as the stars.
Our patient mothers conquer men,
By nobler means than wars.

## BUMBLE BEES.

Them bumble-bees is the fuzzies things
You kin find in the whole creation.
With the softes buzz, that ever wuz,
There sting's a swell sensation.
I member once, my brother Ed
Got stung mightnigh all over.
We wuz fightin bumble-bees's nests,
Down in the patch a clover.
You couldn't hardly tell him
He looked so awful funny.
His eyes an nose an mouth an chin
Wuz swelled all in to one. He
Couldn't see or smell or eat
For mighty nigh a week,
He'd motion with his fingers,
Whenever he'd want to speak.
But my ! He had the dandies time
Although he'd fret and whine,
He didn't chop no kindlin wood
For the longes, longes time.
I did though, I couldn't go
A fishing any more,

So I stumped my toe on purpose
An got it good an sore,
Then Eddie had to fetch the cows,
Why spose he couldn't talk.
That don't hurt one-half so bad
As if you couldn't walk.

## AMBITION.

(To the Wild Rose.)

T'was June-time when I found thee growing,
In wildness neath an old rail fence.
Sweet the morning wind was blowing,
Thy perfumed breath of innocence.

In tinted garb thou'rt ever charming,
Thy nature wild needs no caress.
A changed form would prove thy harming,
Prick thou the hand that dares molest.

Some heart will love thy simple graces;
A timid maid or lonely friar.
They light God's paths who fill dark places,
Let this thine aim, Be just sweet-briar.

## "SOUR GRAPES."

Sitting lonely in my study,
With the back-log burning bright,
Showering sparks are flying ruddy,
Bringing cheer this wintry night.

Now they change, as sad sweet memories
Fill my bachelor reverie.
Fairest forms, till now forgotten
In the flame I seem to see.

How they fill my heart with yearning,
Longing for the sweetheart's kiss.
Loving words, caresses tender;
Tokens of expected bliss.

But perchance 'tis all a shadow
Dreamy vision, of my youth.
Wedded bliss, like the expected,
In fancy sweeter than in truth.

## THE COW-BOY TRIAL.

'Twas a hot and windy morning,
In a dreary waste of country,
Where no water is. Three travelers
Crossing in their covered wagon,
Braving sun, discomfort, hunger,
Stopped their team of jaded horses,
Where some cotton-woods were growing,
On the outskirts of a town.

Nigh to death, a starving mother
In delirum burned by fever,
Of her husband asked a favor.
Stop the gnawing pangs of hunger!
Give me meat for strength and courage,
To continue on my journey,
Through this brown and arid prairie,
Till we reach our little home.

In despair, by pleadings driven,
He had nothing then to give her,
With his little boy succeeded,
From a grazing bunch of cattle,
Roped and killed an A. L. yearling.
Thinking naught of risk or danger,
Of his dear one's life despairing,
But to see her strong again.

Cowboys watching from a distance,
Saw the deed and quickly mounting,
Headed by a band of rangers,
Caught him.—Formed a court of justice.
Formal is the trial given,
If requested by a stranger,
Well, they know its termination,
There's but one upon the plains.

Far too late to be a juror,
Down the dusty road came riding,
Bill;—The cowboy's pride and leader,
To attend the rustler's trial.
When the evidence was taken
Predetermined verdict rendered
From the room they were adjourning,
On a beam they fixed a rope.

But a higher court was pleading,
Something in the stranger's story,
Set Bill's big rough heart to beating.
Out he springs while quickly facing,
Mounts the vacant box of honor,
In each hand a gun is glistening,
As he rings out words of warning
To the crowd of roughened men.

"Just you hold there, Mr. Sheriff,
I'm a holdin court to-day.

These here irons are tried and trusted,
Now I'll hev my little say.
This here outfit's got a plenty
Calves and yearlings, hay and grain;
What's a short-horn calf amount to
When a life is on the wane?
Stealin calves is ornery business,
But this time a rustler goes
Free as thunder in the mountains,
Er the jury'l turn up toes."

There is no telling how it ended,
Toward their holsters hands were slid,
From the doorway some one shouted,
"Dad, the stranger's got a Kid,
Whut wants to race a little pinto
Gainst my sorrel fer a gun."
My, you should have seen them scatter,
Court and jury on the run.

All but Bill and the Kansas stranger,
Stood and grasped each other's hands.
God bless you pard, he faintly stammered,
Saved my life and Mary Ann's.
I ain't nothin fer to give yer
Busted flat.—Dad-burn the luck.
Court's adjourned, the judge then shouted,
Case dismissed.—The jury struck.

*Thoughts That Come in the Night.*

## WILLIE'S LAMENT.

Say, whut funny things do happen
To a boy whut's growin up.
Wrappin papers round the cat 'en
Tien tin-cans to ther pup.

Er tien two Tom-cats together,
En hangin em up across a line.
Fur fly? Well, I jest guess rather,
En so did I, about that time.

Maw could hear the whole creation,
She'd out to see whut made sech noise.
Law-zee-sakes whut agrivation
A mother hez whut raises boys.

Me 'n my brother wuz, I reckon,
All'us doin most dreadful things,
A pluggin squash en little melons,
En killin ther bees ter find ther stings.

I 'member yet jest how we us'ter,
When things wuz kinder quiet-like ;
Git maw's Plymouth first prize rooster,
Hind ther barn en make him fight.

Now I'm feelin most dreadful sorry
Fer my mother, actin so.
Fillin her heart all up with sadness,
I didn't mean to do it though.

Poor dear mother she's long bin sleepin
Underneath the money-worth.
But her spirut's in God's keepin'
She's happier ther'n here on earth.

I'm tri'en mighty hard ter please her
  Fer she's watchin from above.
En I'm livin now ter honer
  En ter make my mother proud.

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